

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

Good is stronger than evil.

PREJUDICE squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

RELIGION is the best armour that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

BE not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

LITTLE minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.

THERE is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

A MAN who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.

LOVE sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.

COLERIDGE said that religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It makes a man, and then it makes him gentle, and when he is finished and "thoroughly furnished" he is a gentleman.

THERE is more sunshine than rain, more joy than pain, more love than hate, more smiles than tears in the world. Those who say to the contrary, we would not have for companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and pleasant disposition, make smiles, love, and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart, and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the breaking out of the sun from behind a dark cloud, to him who has no friends in the world! The tear of affection, how brilliantly it shines along the dark pathway of life. A thousand gems make a milky-way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster above our heads.

MAN without religion is the creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

YOU cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be sure they will augment your power and happiness.

FACES are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time and are much less likely to deceive us.

CHRIST says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct, and prove the depths of our feelings by our obedience.

WE are not saved by faith without works, for there is no such faith in Christ. Nor are we saved by works without faith, for no works but those that flow from faith are acceptable to God.

CONSCIENCE is too sacred a possession to be trifled with; its voice is faithful, but may be extinguished; and he that would have peace with himself and God, must take heed of the art and sophistry by which its admonitions may be suppressed.

THE wind is unseen; but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and, from its effects upon surrounding things, we are assured of its existence.

THAT was a piece of wise advice that grand old Thomas Jefferson wrote to his nephew, Peter Carr—one that will make a noble man or woman of any child who treasures it in its heart and lives it: "Give up money; give up fame; give up earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act; and never suppose that in any possible situation or any circumstances it is best for you to do a dishonourable thing."

LITTLE JEAN'S LETTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

JEAN made up his mind to write a letter to the good Lord. In France, when the peasants and poor people want something very much, they not only ask the good Lord for it, but they write a letter to Him; and one can often see poor women and children, with pale, sad faces, entering the churches, and laying a letter on the altar, feeling that if He sees it there day and night He will be sure to remember their petition. And I would like to know if, in all the literature of all the ages, there could be anything more touching, and sweet, and simple, than these letters to the good Lord.

Jean was six years old, and he wore a pair of trousers all worn out at the knees. His hair was blonde and curly, and so thick and beautiful, and there was enough of it to have dressed the heads of two lovely ladies. He had a pair of great blue eyes that tried to smile sometimes, though they had already wept so often. He had a little jacket quite nicely cut, but all falling into pieces, and on his right foot a girl's shoe, and on the other a boy's, both of them too long and large for him, alas! and too full of holes, and they turned up in front, and wanted heels behind. He was hungry and cold, for it was on a winter's night, and he had been fasting since the day before at noon, when the idea came to him of writing a letter to the good Lord.

You are wondering how he could do it, poor little Jean! It is true, he could not write, any more than he could read.

Far away in the quarter of Gros-Caillon in the corner of an avenue, and not far from the Park, was the small cabin of a public writer. A great many petitions and demands from the Government are made by retired warriors; and whether the Government is headed by a king, an emperor, or a president, it is all the same, for old soldiers' letters have rarely any political prejudices in them. The "editor," as he was called in the quarter, was an old soldier himself, rather bad-tempered, though with a good heart—and ah! he was not rich,

and besides, was so unfortunate as not to be quite maimed and wounded enough to get admission into the *Hotel des Invalides*, where all the old soldiers are sent who have no legs or arms to speak of.

Well, Jean saw him through the dirty windows of his cabin, smoking his pipe and waiting for business, so he went in and said:

"Good day; I have come to have a letter written."

"It's ten sous," replied Pere Bouin; for this old warrior, who was perhaps the hundred thousandth part of the glory of a marshal of France, was called Pere Bouin. Jean, who had no cap to take off, pulled the front lock of his curly hair, and making a bow, said politely: "Then, excuse me!" and he opened the door to go out; but Papa Bouin thought him such a nice little fellow, he said to him:

"Art thou the son of a soldier, little one?"

"No," replied little Jean; "I am my mamma's son, who is all alone."

"Ah!" said the "editor," "I know; and thou hast not ten sous?"

"Oh, no! I have no sous at all."

"Thy mother neither? Ah! one can see that. You want a letter written so as to have something to make soup—eh! little one?"

"Yes," replied Jean, "exactly."

"Advance? For ten lines, and a half a sheet of paper I shall not be much the poorer."

Jean obeyed. Papa Bouin arranged his paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and traced in a fine schoolmaster's hand: "Paris, the 17th January, 1857." Then on the next line, "To Monsieur" — "What is the name, bibi?"

"Whose?" asked Jean.

"Why, the Monsieur's, of course."

"What Monsieur?"

"Why, the individual for the soup."

"Jean understood this time, and replied:

"It is not for a Monsieur."

"Ah! well, for a lady, then?"

"No; not for that either."

"*Nom de bleu!*" cried Papa Bouin, "dost thou not know to whom thou wishest to write a letter?"

"Ah! yes, indeed," replied the child.
 "Well, then, say who it is, and do not hurry thyself."

Little Jean grew crimson. The fact is, it is not so easy to apply to public writers for such correspondence as his. However, he mustered up his courage, and said: "It is to the good Lord to whom I want to send a letter." Papa Bouin did not laugh. He laid down his pen and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Little one," said he severely, "I don't suppose thou meanest to make fun of an old soldier of the line. Thou art too little to strike. But, wheel! Turn to the left and go!"

Little Jean obeyed, and turned on his heels—I mean on those of his feet, for his shoes had none—and started to go; but seeing him so sweet and obedient, Papa Bouin changed his mind a second time, and looked at him more closely.

"*Nom de—nom de—nom de—nom!*" he muttered. "There is, after all, no end of want in this Paris. What is thy name, bibi?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing but Jean."

"Papa Bouin felt his eyes smarting, but he shrugged his shoulders. "And what dost thou want to say to thy good Lord?"

"I want to tell him that mamma has been asleep since yesterday at four o'clock, and I want him to wake her up, for I cannot."

The old soldier's heart felt numb, for he was afraid he understood what was the matter. However, he went on a king: "But what was that thou saidst about soup a little while ago?"

"Oh! well," replied the child, "because she wants some. Before she went to sleep, mamma gave me the last piece of bread."

"And she—what has she eaten?"

"She had said for two days, 'I am not hungry.'"

"What didst thou do when thou didst try to wake her?"

"Oh! well, I kissed her, as I always do."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and his smile made him look so pretty. "I don't know," re-

plied he; "don't mothers always breathe?"

Papa Bouin turned away his head, for two large tears were running down his cheeks. He did not answer the child's question, but he said, in a voice that trembled a little:

"When thou didst kiss her, didst thou notice nothing?"

"Yes; she was cold, it is so cold at home!"

"And she shivered a little, didn't she?"

"Oh, no! She looked beautifully, beautifully. Her two hands, that did not move, were crossed on her breast, and were so white! And her head was thrown back on the pillow, so that through the opening in her shut eyelids she seemed as if she was looking up into heaven."

Papa Bouin thought to himself: "I have envied the rich, I who eat and drink as much as I want; and here is one dead of hunger—of hunger." He called the child, who went to him, and he put him on his knees, and said to him gently. "Little one, thy letter is written, and sent and received. Take me to thy mother."

"I will be very glad to do so. But why are you crying?" Jean asked, with astonishment.

"I am not crying," replied the old soldier, who was smothering him with kisses and covering him with tears, "But thou wilt cry, little Jean, poor dear! Dost thou know I love thee as though thou wert my own son? It is foolish, perhaps. But, ah! I had a mother once, also; a long time ago to be sure, but I seem to see her on her death-bed, where, as she was leaving me, she said: 'Bouin, be an honest man and a good Christian.' There was a picture of our Saviour hanging by the side of her bed—a little picture that only cost two sous—which seemed to smile, and which I loved, and whose memory has come back to my heart again. And I have been an honest man, but as to a good Christian—ah me!" Then he rose, still holding the child in his arms, and pressing him to his heart, and added, as though he were speaking to some invisible person: "Behold, old mother—behold, and be

happy. My friends may laugh at me if they like ; but where thou hast gone I want to go too ; and I will take this little one, poor child, to you ; and he shall never leave me till then, because his rascally little letter, which was not even written, has received two answers, and has given him a father and found for me a heart."

The poor woman, who had died from want, was never awakened on this earth. Who was she ? I never knew, nor what had been the martyrdom of her life.

But somewhere in Paris there is a man, still young, who is an "editor," but not in a cabin like Papa Bouin. He writes many eloquent things, and you all know his name. But we will call him simply Jean, as in the old days.

Papa Bouin is now a happy old man, always honest, and moreover a good Christian. He takes great pride in the success of his "little one" as he still sometimes calls his illustrious adopted son, and he said, for it was he who told me this little story : "I know not who is the postman who delivers those kind of letters ; but I know one thing—they always reach their address in heaven."

THE NEW WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

In our school days there were seven wonders of the world. There are now seventy and seven, for wonders appear to increase. Our young readers may be interested in the statement that the present century has produced seven new wonders, which seem to outstrip in their nature and importance every invention that has preceded them. Let us in a few words enumerate them.

(1) It is some seventy years ago since gas was introduced into the homes and streets of our land. In the last century the great city of London was lighted by one thousand dim oil lamps, which would not now be sufficient for one of our main streets, except to those persons who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Byron scouted the idea as most vision-

ary of a city being lighted by gas.

(2) The railway system is quite modern, for in our own day the hints that a train might reach the speed of fifteen miles an hour excited the greatest merriment in the House of Lords ; now we are frequently dissatisfied with less than fifty or sixty miles an hour.

(3) Photography, which gives a correct likeness, is but of yesterday. No one can doubt but that the old masters would be more astounded at the sun turned artist than at any other of our improvements. (4) The electric telegraph, even still more wonderful than the photograph, is the invention of our own times. It is unnecessary to say that this is one of the greatest marvels of our century. Some most interesting meetings have been held in London, to which we had the honour of being invited, when questions were asked, and immediately answered, from Moscow, San Francisco, Calcutta, in fact from every large centre of population in the world. Some one was supposed to make a fool of himself, a few years ago, who expressed the opinion that the government in London would by-and-by be able to send a question to India and receive an answer the same day. More than this has now been done. Addison tells of a visionary in his day—we think it was Steele—who hinted that the London news of Monday might some day in the great future be read in York on the Wednesday. What would Addison and Steele have thought of it reaching York in less than a minute ? (5) The Telephone for a few months past has very justly excited interest here and throughout the world. The Queen was enabled at Osborne to hear the laughing and talking of the people in London. The music of a concert has been distinctly heard six hundred miles away. We are glad to learn that in China, where, from the character of their alphabet, it is almost impossible to use the telegraph, the telephone is being used. (6) A new instrument has recently been exhibited which is called the phonograph. It is said to be a very simple apparatus, cylindrical in form, and capable of receiving and retaining sounds, so that the song of a singer and

the speech of a speaker have been brought across the Atlantic and delivered in London. We are simply detailing what is now a matter of fact, and of which a writer says we shall soon have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved, as photographs and books are now. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, if not louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thus obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson, Sims Reeves, or Madame Patti at every corner. (7) We have yet to note the spectro-scope, which in time takes precedence of some of the inventions we have mentioned. This remarkable instrument, well known to the scientific world, has enabled our chemists and others to know the very substances of which the most distant heavenly bodies are composed; and it is an interesting fact that just as we speak of the human race as being of one flesh and blood, we now learn that sun, moon, planets, and stars are all composed of the same elementary substances, and may be said to be, however near or far, one family of worlds. May we not note, in conclusion, another wonder still more interesting, which is the growth of centuries through the teaching and spirit of Christianity? We refer to the expansion of sympathy that is now with swift feet and goodwill promising fairly to bind together in one spirit all the tribes of mankind which dwell on the earth. This, the best of achievements, we can all promote by love and kind deeds. That marvellous seer of the New Testament whose life was said to be, more than that of any other disciple, one of

love, witnessed in hope some such triumph as the world may yet realise, for he tells us—"I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away!" A poet in our own day, in view of what science and art are now accomplishing, and with faith in what the Bible intimates—we refer to the large-hearted Kingsley—wrote:—

"I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that should be;

"Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

"Heard the heaven filled with shoutings, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the earth-wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

ADVICE.

TAKE the open air,

The more you take the better;

Follow Nature's laws

To the very letter.

Let the doctors go

To the Bay of Biscay,

Let alone the gin,

The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,

Keep your spirits cheerful;

Let no dread of sickness

Make you ever fearful;

Eat the simplest food,

Drink the pure cold water,

Then you will be well,

Or at least you oughter.

A LITTLE OIL.

MANY a good story may be told of wise and foolish people who had and who had not oil in their lamps. In the North of England, where iron is manufactured, they tell of a cunning man who went abroad, and studied the art, in a foreign factory, of rolling out iron. He came home, and had a rolling mill erected for making iron into bars. But somehow or other the mill, with all its wheels, would not go, although it was made after the *exact* pattern of the mill in another land. This ingenious and quiet man went back again to learn, by stealth, what was deficient. He watched the movements of all the men, and soon saw one man oiling the machinery. This part he had forgotten in his plans. He hastened home, had oil applied, and all went well, and well ever since. No one can tell the value of a little oil. It has a wonderful influence in society and in the family life. There are simple words and little deeds that make the whole machinery of life go ill or well.

We are told that once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbour with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbour, sagaciously, "'twould be well enough for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbour. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle full of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

SOME years ago, the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it pays for all the cost, and care, and labour of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:—

"Did you not colour that a little, when you said that all that expense and labour would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labour than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from the temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "my boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in her days of childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labour, shall we hesitate at what cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy;" not if we have love of him who gave his life to save the lost.

A DREAM.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO CONCEAL THE TRUTH.

I DREAMT I had a summons to obey—
My soul was called to quit this mortal
clay!

And go to the Unknown.
And just as I began to quake,
I felt my soul within me shake,
And, out I stood alone!

I gazed a moment, on the lifeless form,
(Surrounded by my friends in great
alarm,)

With wondering, pitying gaze;
The body, which my soul obeyed;
The flesh and fibres once I swayed,
Seemed but a dewy haze.

I saw through all material things so plain,
I saw the thoughts that gave my friends
their pain,

Their heart-throbs and their tears.
I saw through walls of brick and stone,
But no one saw me there alone,
Amid their grief and fears.

A Spirit, much resembling mine, then
came,

And called me by my Everlasting name,
Not that I had before;

He beckoned, and we took our flight—
Far out into the shade of night,
Where other worlds I saw.

And on, and on we went, till very soon
The world we left behind became a moon—
So quickly we had sped.

With earth's deep shadow past,—the light
Streamed on, and we were out of night,
With widening worlds ahead.

The moon we left in chaos on our right:
And earth shed forth a ruddy kind of
light

As it grew less and less:
The nearing planets lost their blaze,
As they increased in ponderous size—
Yet still were numberless.

I saw the sun become a star, so small!
And then I failed to see the earth at all,
The distance was so great!

We came upon a world, it passed
Upon its journey flying fast—
An instant could not wait.

And then, a lovely sight appeared in view
A sun and system, which we travelled
through

To other spheres ahead;
And other rolling worlds flew by,
To other systems we drew nigh,
Without the slightest dread.

Some planets passed so near, I well
descried
Their woods, high hills and plains; and
rolling tide,

Their peoples could define!
Each had its own peculiar race,
And differed much in form and grace
But all had souls like mine!

Still, through Eternal Space we sped along,
And then my Spirit-guide broke out in
song

And other spheres we passed.
I read my guiding Spirit's thought,
And sang his song—though never taught
Till Heaven appeared at last!

It differed much from what I had been
told—

I saw no "walls," no "pearly gates," no
"gold,"

But worlds, like earth, and seven!
Around a brilliant throne they sped,
Resplendent in the light it shed—
And this at last was Heaven!

My Spirit-guide then led me further on,
And placed me on the farthest from the
Throne—

Amongst the mean and vile!
But soon we were upon our way,
For Conscience would not let me stay,
Not for a little while.

We left this region outside all the rest,
To visit other Spheres more richly blessed

The sixth we lighted on:
I there saw Angels healing Souls,
That penitence had rent in holes,
Through sins on earth they'd done.

My Conscience here desired to lend a
hand—

To heal these Spirits from the outer land.
My guide still pointed on.

Upon the fifth Great World we saw
The unenlightened, and the poor,
Of error being shorn.

Then Conscience smote me here—for some
I knew,

Charged me of being (when on earth)
untrue

In keeping truth concealed:
And while I wept my guide had flown!
And left me mourning there alone,
To make that truth revealed.

My soul set out this object to pursue,
(Which in the flesh, through fear I failed
to do)

With anguish and remorse:
To other spheres I might have gone,
Had I on earth not dreaded scorn,
But faithful run my course.

I awoke, to find it but a dream,
But on my mind was left an awful gleam
Of terror and dismay:

Should Heaven be what this dream fore-
told!

And earth so needing workers bold,
I must no more delay.

S.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Most persons have read of the monolith called Cleopatra's Needle—whilst not a few have seen the singular looking vessel containing it, in the Thames, if all of these have not actually gone on board. The vessel itself was constructed for the purpose of floating the huge obelisk from Egypt to this country. It was nearly lost in a heavy gale in the stormy Bay of Biscay, and which involved the sad sacrifice of six lives. The previous history of this most curious relic of very remote antiquity is valuable from its connection with the Bible accounts of the forced residence of the Hebrews in Egypt, where they were made to serve with rigour, and from which they were delivered by the hands of Moses—acting on their behalf, and as we believe, under the immediate guidance of God. The stone in question is covered with hieroglyphics, which can be read and interpreted only by a learned man, here and there. We have one such in the justly venerated Mr. Samuel Sharpe, still happily in the midst of us, and who is in the first rank of Egyptologists. In a highly interesting letter which appeared a short time since in the "CHRISTIAN LIFE," Mr. Sharpe tells us that the "Needle" was commanded to be fashioned and engraved by the king "who knew not Joseph;" it must consequently be coeval with some part of the bondage in Egypt; and as such, would have been seen by the Israelites of the period. The date of the exodus he imagines to be about 1300 B.C., and this pretty well fixes the age of the "Needle." It must be, therefore, more than three thousand years old.

The stone was removed before the Christian era, with another of the same kind, to Alexandria. The one now in England was, some time after its being placed in Alexandria, thrown to the ground, and was not subsequently raised there, but remained till within the last year, imbedded in the sand, nearly utterly disregarded. At the close of the last century the "Needle" was made prize of by the French army, under Napoleon, who was then attempting the conquest; but it was soon after taken by the English, who much

desired to remove it at once to this country, but the difficulties in the way were judged insurmountable; and so again in 1820, when the Egyptian governor offered it to us as a present. It was not till 1877 that two eminent scientific gentlemen, Dr. Erasmus Wilson and Mr. Dixon, resolved it should be brought over to England, and mainly at their own expense. A large iron cradle—*pontoon* it is called—was made for its conveyance, and on it the gigantic stone was placed with a deck covering, the whole attached by chains and ropes to a tug steamer; and thus it wended its way to our shores, safely, but for the accident alluded to before. The *pontoon* parted from the other vessel owing to the violence of the storm, but did not sink, and was soon afterwards found safe in a Spanish port, but six brave men had been lost in consequence. It is understood that the final destination of Cleopatra's Needle will be on the Thames Embankment.

The question remains, why called Cleopatra's Needle? for as Mr. Sharpe well remarks, she seems never to have had anything to do with it. Cleopatra was not famed for housewifely accomplishments, though the word *needle* may have reference to the obelisk shape, long, taper, and ending in a point. The stone itself is sometimes spoken of as a *monolith*, meaning a single stone, and not made up of parts—cut and shaped out of the quarry in one piece. But Cleopatra—who was she, to give name to an obelisk in existence many hundreds of years before her birth? She flourished in the latter half of the century preceding the commencement of the Christian era, and was Queen of Egypt, reigning for some time jointly with her brother, and then causing him to be put to death. She was a tyrannical, proud, and heartless woman, fond of magnificence, and of very dissolute behaviour. Egypt had been conquered by the Romans, but she contrived to fascinate Julius Caesar, with whom she lived in a criminal manner, and still more so some time after with Mark Antony, whose affections she seduced from his first wife, the "shrill tongued Fulvia," and from his second also, the

far more amiable Octavia. For the sake of the infamous Cleopatra this great soldier sacrificed his army, his honour, and his life. The Queen died at length by her own hand, rather than be led in triumph to Rome, by Octavius. Those who wish to know more of Cleopatra, will find their curiosity gratified in Plutarch's "Life of Mark Antony," and in Shakespear's wonderful play of "Antony and Cleopatra"—where the waywardness of a haughty, self-indulgent, and thoroughly unscrupulous nature is admirably portrayed. The description of the voluptuous queen, in her barge on the Cydnus, is very beautiful; it is often quoted, but is fresh and new on every perusal.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie,
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs."

THE VEIL.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

THERE is a veil before our eyes;
We cannot see the distant hills;
Shut out from view the landscape lies;
A leaden mist the valley fills.
The sun shall lift the veil away;
The distant hills again appear;
And at the closing of the day
Will glow the golden landscape clear.
So all the shadows that may hide
The future from the spirit's sight
Shall be withdrawn at eventide,
And faith and love rejoice in light.

THE MOTHER'S BURIAL.

A SKETCH.

THE dear, the much-loved dead!
Who doth not yearn to know
The secret of their dwelling-place,
And to what land they go?

THE moonlight streamed in and made long light streaks on the floor, and the trees rustled and tapped against the window where Annie Clare sat alone with her shrouded dead. Kind hands had arrayed the loved form for the grave, had arranged everything quietly and neatly. And she had begged that she might be left alone. She rose and went to the bed where she had seen her mother so often in life, and turned back the white sheet from the marble face. The hands were peacefully folded over the breast. They had toiled and worked for her; they had bathed her aching brow and wiped the tears of grief from her eyes; and they had rested last upon her head in loving benediction.

A pang of sorrow should never more ruffle the serenity of that dear face; the long dark lashes that rested so softly on her cheek would never again be wet with tears; they were wiped forever away; the lips, with the sweet smile resting around them, would never more uncloset to whisper words of love and consolation. Annie knelt by her side and leaned her head on her breast as she had often done in childhood. A holy presence seemed to overshadow her; the bounds of time and space were swept away, and her spirit's eye looked into the heavenly world. O blessed vision! the memory of it never left her. With it the dews of peace descended on her wounded spirit. She knelt and prayed long and fervently, and arose comforted.

It seemed like a dream to Annie that twelve years had passed since the day of her father's burial, so vividly did memory bring back that scene. There was the same tall tree that threw its shadow over her father's grave; the sun shone as brightly as it did then; the birds sang their sweet songs, and the springing grass made a soft green carpet for the earth. There were many familiar faces around her, many who years before had been witnesses of her

childish grief, and they looked with pity on the slight, girlish mourner, who, if she could have counted her years by suffering, would have been older than the oldest gray-haired man among them.

There were no tears on her face; no sob came from her parted lips; her spirit seemed lifted above the earth, although the words of the burial service fell upon her ears with all their mournful sublimity. They sang with trembling voices, and as the sound was borne away upon the winds, it seemed to her as though angels caught up the solemn refrain and shouted throughout the courts of heaven, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

SAMUEL DUHOBRET was a disciple of the famous engraver, Albert Durer, admitted into the art-school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. As he was about forty years of age, small, ugly and hump-backed, he was the butt of ill jokes among his pupils, and selected as a special object of dislike by Madame Durer, who tormented the scholars and domestics, as well as the master by her Xantippical temper. Poor Duhobret had not a spice of malice in his heart, and not only bore all his trials with patience, eating without complaint the scanty crusts given him for dinner, while his companions fared better, but always showed himself ready to assist and serve those who scoffed at him. His industry was indefatigable. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and worked till sunset.

During three years he plodded thus, and said nothing of the paintings he had produced in his lonely chamber by the light of his lamp. His bodily energies wasted under incessant toil. No one cared enough for him to notice the feverish colour in his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing meagreness of his misshapen frame. No one observed that the poor pittance set aside for his mid-day meal remained untouched for several days. The poor artist made his appearance as usual, and as meekly bore the gibes of the students or the

taunts of the lady; working with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands trembled and his eyes were often suffused with tears.

One morning he was missing from the scene of his labours, and though jokes were passed about his disappearance, no one thought of going to his lodgings to see if he were ill or dead. He was indeed prostrated by the low fever that had been lurking in his veins and slowly sapping his strength. He was half-delirious, and muttered wild and incoherent words, fancying his bed surrounded by mocking demons, taunting him with his inability to call a priest to administer the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world.

From exhausted slumbers he awoke faint and with parched lips; it was the fifth day he had lain in his cell neglected. Feebly he stretched out his hands toward the earthen pitcher, and found that it contained not a drop of water. Slowly, and with difficulty, he arose; for he knew that he must procure sustenance or die of want. He had not a kreutzer. He went to the other end of the room, took up the picture he had painted last, and resolved to carry it to a dealer, who might give him for it enough to furnish him necessaries for a week longer.

On his way he passed a house before which there was a great crowd. There was to be a sale, he learnt, of many specimens of art collected during thirty years by an amateur. The wearied Duhobret thought he might here find a market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and found the auctioneer, a busy little man, holding a handful of papers, and inclined to be rough with the lean and sallow hunchback who so eagerly implored his attention.

"What do you call your picture?" he asked.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with the village and landscape," replied the trembling artist.

The auctioneer looked at him, hummed contemptuously, and asked its price.

"Whatever you please; whatever it will bring," was the anxious reply.

"Hem!"—with an unfavourable criticism—"I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Dubobret had spent the nights of many months on that piece. But he was starving, and the pittance offered would buy him bread. He nodded to the auctioneer, and retired to a corner.

After many paintings and engravings had been sold, Dubobret's was exhibited.

"Who bids? Three thalers! Who bids?" was the cry.

The poor artist held his breath; no response was heard. Suppose it should not find a purchaser! He dared not look up: he thought everybody was laughing at his folly of offering so worthless a piece at public sale.

"It is certainly my best work," he muttered piteously to himself. He ventured to glance at the picture, as the auctioneer held it in a favourable light. There was certainly a beautiful freshness in the rich foliage, a transparency in the water, a freedom and life in the animals! The steeple, the trees, the whole landscape, showed the genius of an artist. Alas! he felt the last throb of an artist's vanity. The dead silence continued, and, turning away, he buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" a faint voice called out.

The stupefied artist gave a start of joy, and looked to see who had uttered those blessed words. It was the picture-dealer to whom he first meant to go.

"Fifty thalers!" cried the sonorous voice of a tall man in black.

There was a moment's silence.

"One hundred thalers!" at length cried the picture-dealer, evidently piqued and anxious.

"Two hundred!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"One thousand thalers!"

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents.

The tall stranger bid fifteen hundred thalers.

"Two thousand thalers!" thundered the picture-dealer, glancing around him triumphantly.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew pale, his frame shook with agitation. His voice was suffocated; but after two or three efforts he cried out:

"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent bid forty thousand.

The dealer hesitated. His adversary laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and the crowd gave a murmur of admiration. The picture-dealer felt his peace at stake, and called out in sheer desperation:

"Fifty thousand!"

The tall man hesitated; the crowd was breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted:

"One hundred thousand!" adding an impatient execration against his adversary.

The crestfallen picture-dealer withdrew. The tall victor bore away the prize. He passed through the wondering people, went out, and was going along the street, when a decrepit, lame, hump-backed wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. The stranger threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as if dispensing with thanks.

"May it please your honour," persisted the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture."

He rubbed his eyes; for he had hardly yet been able to persuade himself that he had not been dreaming.

The tall man was Count Dunklesbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped and questioned the artist. Being convinced of the truth of his statement, he took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

"Take it, friend," he said. "It is the check for your money. Good-morning."

Dubobret invested his money, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, cultivating painting as a pastime. But, though he had borne privation and toil, prosperity was too much for him. Indigestion carried him off. His picture had long an honoured place in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsbach, and the curious incident of its purchase was often related. It afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

LAUGHTER.

THE mother and children sat down to their dinner. The children all freshly washed and newly brushed as neat as could be.

The mother liked to make dinner a time of cheerful, pleasant talk, but to-day her heart was bowed down with cares, she could not find a word to say.

The children caught her gravity, and said nothing beyond what was necessary.

This was not good, this would not do; but how get over it? She turned to the little two-year-old who sat next to her, and said, with a sad heart, "Bub, bub, bub, bubble."

He thought that *was* a joke. He laughed and crowed. His laugh was infectious, and a little ringing, running peal of laughter ran round the table, as one child and then another caught it and took it up. The mother almost cried, the sound was so unlike her own feelings.

"Do it again, mamma! Do it again!" cried the children. So again she said, "Baby! Bub, bub, bub, bubble."

Again the baby crowed and laughed, and again all the others laughed in succession, and "shouted approval."

"Do it to me, mamma," said the next youngest, but it fell rather flat that time.

"Oh! it only does for baby," said the mother.

"Do it again, mamma! Do it again!" Many times it was encored, till the mother had caught the infection too, and was laughing as heartily as any.

Now she could talk to them, and she did, and she told them how she had been reading a lecture on Philo, a Jew, who lived in Alexandria at the time of Christ, and it quoted some of Philo's sayings, among which were that "Joy is the fairest of possessions," and that "God is the creator of earnest laughter and joy," and that "laughter, the best of comforts, is the son of God, who gives him to cheer and soothe peaceful souls."

"Mamma! that's like in the Testament, 'Rejoice evermore.'"

"Yes, St. Paul says that. He and Philo were alive at the same time, and they were both Jews, but they most

likely never heard of each other; for though Alexandria and Jerusalem are not very far apart to our notions, people did not travel much then."

"Mamma, you said Philo lived at the time of Christ—and of Paul too?"

"Yes, he lived a long life. He was born before Christ, and lived on till after his death."

"It scarcely seems right, does it, to say that God is the Creator of laughter and joy?"

"Oh, yes! I think so. You know we are told that 'Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from above,' and I am sure that if baby could not laugh, we should none of us be so happy as we are."

"Ah!" The little questioner was silenced and satisfied by the familiar sound of the text.

"Mamma, don't you think it sounds odd to call joy the son of God?"

"Yes, very odd to our ears, but that was the Jewish way of speaking. If a thing was good, they said it was a son of God. If it was bad, they said it was a son of wickedness. If a man was rich, they said he was a son of money."

"How funny!"

"Little four-years-old repeated 'How funny!' and laughed, and again the wave of laughter rolled round the table.

A REMARKABLE JURY TRIAL.

THE GUILTY MAN FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth a person was arraigned before Sir John Dyer, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment for the murder of a man who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness deposed that on a certain day mentioned by the witness, in the morning, as he was going through a close which he particularly described, at some distance from the path he saw a person lying, seeming to be either dead or drunk: that he went and found him actually dead, two wounds appearing in his breast, and his shirt and clothes much stained with blood; that the wounds appeared to have been given by the puncture of a

fork or some such instrument; and looking about he discovered a fork lying near the corpse, which he took up and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name. The witness at the same time produced the fork in court, which the prisoner owned to be his. A second witness deposed that on the morning of the day on which deceased was killed, he had risen early with an intention to go to a neighbouring market town; and as he was standing in his house, the door being open, he saw the prisoner go by, dressed in a suit of clothes, the colour and fashion of which he described; that he (the witness) was prevented from going to market, and afterwards the first witness brought notice to the town of the death and wounds of the deceased, and of the prisoner's fork being found near the corpse; that upon this report the prisoner was apprehended and carried before a justice of the peace, who was then present in the court: that he (the witness) followed the prisoner to the justice's house and attended his examination, during which he observed the change of raiment which the prisoner had made since the time he had seen him in the morning; that at the time of the examination, the prisoner was dressed in the same clothes which he had on at the trial; and that on the witness charging him with having changed his clothes, he gave several evasive answers, and would have denied it: that upon his mentioning this circumstance of the change of dress, the justice granted a warrant to search the prisoner's house for the clothes described by the witness, as having been put off since the morning; that after a diligent search the very clothes which the witness described were discovered all bloody concealed in a straw bed. He then produced the bloody clothes in court, which the prisoner owned to be his, and to have been thrust into the straw bed, with an intention to conceal them on account of their being bloody. The prisoner, being called upon to make his defence, gave the following narrative to the court, as containing all he knew concerning the manner and circumstances of the death of the deceased,

viz:—"That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased, and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it; that the only way to his close was through that of the deceased, and that on the day when the murder was committed he rose early in the morning to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand, and passing through the ground of the deceased he observed a man at some distance from the path, lying as if dead, or drunk; that he went to see what condition the person was in, and found him in the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued; that in order to relieve him he raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in his lap; that he told the deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhappy fate, and the more so, as there seemed too much reason to apprehend he had been murdered; that he entreated the deceased to discover, if possible, the occasion of this misfortune, assuring him that he would use utmost endeavours to bring the murderer to justice; that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and in the midst of his agonies, attempted to speak, but—being seized with a rattling in his throat, after a hard struggle, he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) clothes, he expired in his arms; that the shock he felt on account of this accident was not to be expressed; and the rather as it was well known there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account he might possibly be suspected of murder; and he therefore thought it advisable to leave the deceased in the condition he was, and to take no further notice of the matter; that in the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the fork of deceased, and left his own in the room of it, by the side of the corpse; that being obliged to go to his work he thought it best to shift his clothes, and that they might not be seen, he confessed that he had hid them in the place where they were found; that it was true he had denied before the justice to have changed his clothes,

being conscious that it was an ugly circumstance that might be urged against him, and being unwilling to be brought into trouble if he could help it. He concluded his story with a solemn declaration that he had related nothing but the truth, as he should answer it to God Almighty." Being called upon to produce his witnesses, the prisoner answered with a steady composed countenance and solemn tone of voice, that he had no witness but God and his own conscience. The judge then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, in which he pathetically enlarged on the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of evidence, which although circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive proof; that the prisoner, indeed, had contrived a very plausible story, but if such allegations were admitted in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds being generally perpetrated in the dark and with the greatest secrecy; that the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possibility of doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate a moment about finding the prisoner guilty. The foreman begged of his lordship, as it was a case of life and death, that the jury might be at liberty to withdraw, and upon this motion an officer was sworn to keep the jury. The trial came on in the morning, and the judge having sat till nine at night, expecting the return of the jury, at last sent an officer to inquire if they were agreed in their verdict, for his lordship would wait no longer for them. Some answered that eleven of them had been of one mind, but their foreman was of a different opinion, and was unalterably fixed in it. The messenger no sooner returned, but the complaining members, alarmed at the thoughts of being confined all night, and despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their way of thinking, agreed to his opinion, and having acquainted him with their resolution, they sent an officer to detain his lordship a few minutes, and then went into court, and by their foreman brought in the

prisoner Not Guilty. His lordship could not help expressing the greatest surprise and indignation at this unexpected verdict, and, after giving the jury a severe admonition, he refused to record the verdict, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night without fire or candle. The whole blame was publicly laid on the foreman by the rest of the members, and they spent the night in loading him with reflections, and bewailing their fate at being associated with so hardened a wretch; but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring he would suffer death rather than he would change his opinion. As soon as his lordship came into court the next morning, he sent again to the jury, on which all the eleven members joined in requesting their foreman to go again into the court, assuring him they would adhere to their former verdict, whatever was the consequence; and upon being reproached for their former inconstancy, they promised never to desert or re-criminate on their foreman any more. Upon this they proceeded into court, and again brought in the prisoner, Not Guilty. The judge, unable to conceal his rage at a verdict which appeared to him in the most iniquitous light, reproached them with the severest censure, and dismissed them with the cutting reflection—"That the blood of the deceased lay at their door." The judge inquired both of the sheriff and the minister of the parish into the character of the foreman, who each gave him an excellent character. These accounts rather increased his lordship's perplexity; he therefore desired a conference with the jurymen. The jurymen and his lordship having met, and retired to a closet, the judge asked his reasons for acquitting the prisoner. The jurymen said that as he was under no compulsion to avow his reasons, he expected his lordship would engage upon his honour to keep what he was about to unfold, as secret as he himself had done, which his lordship having promised to do, the jurymen then proceeded to give him the following account:—"The deceased being tithe-man of the parish where he (the jurymen) lived, he had the morning of his

decease been in his (the juryman's) grounds among his corn, and had done him much injustice by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner; when he complained of this arbitrary treatment he was not only abused with scurrilous language, but the deceased struck at him several times with his fork, and actually wounded him in two places, the scars of which wounds he then showed his lordship. The deceased seemed bent on mischief, and he (the juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life but by closing in with the deceased and wrenching the fork out of his hands; which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle received the two wounds which had occasioned his death. He said he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and especially when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder; that the former assizes being just over he was unwilling to surrender himself, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by his lying in jail so long; that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for he had consulted the ablest lawyers on the case, who all agreed that as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be found guilty of manslaughter; it was true he had suffered greatly in his own mind on the prisoner's account; but being well assured that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course. And in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy as possible, he had given him every kind of assistance, and had wholly supported his family ever since; but to get him cleared of the charge against him, he could think of no other expedient than procuring for himself to be summoned on the jury, and set at the head of them, which with great labour and expense he had accomplished, having all along determined in his own breast rather to die himself than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner." His lordship expressed great satisfaction at this account, and after thanking him for it, and making this further stipulation, that in case

his lordship should happen to survive him, he might then be at liberty to relate this story, that it might be delivered down to posterity, the conference broke up. The juryman lived fifteen years afterwards; the judge inquired after him every year, and happening to survive him, delivered the above relation.

NON-RESISTANCE.

[A TRUE STORY.]

EARLY one morning a boy,
Happy with holiday joy,
Set out on his way—
'Twas a Sabbath day
In the month of May—
His country cousins to visit.
One hand held a bunch of flowers—
The first-bloom of sunny hours—
The other a cane.
He whistled amain,
Through meadow and lane,
And felt—and looked—quite exquisite.

A brook through a meadow it ran,
His road o'er bridge it did span;
On the bridge were boys:
Youth, for passing joys,
Oft mischief employs:
His fix he saw in a minute.
Quickly he made up his mind
To be forbearing and kind,
For his heart was light.
What's one in a fight
'Gainst six times his might,
Should cowards even begin it?

They snatched from his hand the cane,
And switched him—causing him pain;
But he stood their jeers,
And he shed no tears,
And he showed no fears,
And, puzzled, the boys ceased scorning.
Said one, from the fix to escape,
"Give us a flower, you young ape!"
He gave him his best:
This conquered the rest,
Who, their fault confess,
Returned his cane with—"Good Morning!"

Here are good lessons, I ween,
More than at first may be seen:—
Oft joy makes those good,
Who otherwise would
Show naught but bad blood,
And misery makes good men vicious:—
Those deeply wronged need not fight,
Till they have tested love's might:—
And let not the wrong
Feel safe with the strong!
Still, goodness is strong,
And evil's triumphs fictitious.

T. R. ELLIOTT.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

WHICH HALF.—Somebody tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying: "You must not believe more than half what he says." "Aye," replied the Doctor; "but which half?"

NOT IN THIS CASE.—When Longfellow was presented to Mr. Longworth, the latter remarked: "There is no great difference in our names." "No," replied Mr. Longfellow, "but *worth* makes the man, want of it the *fellow*."

THE LOVE OF DUST.—Before beginning the second psalm for the day, a Glasgow clergyman reached down into his pocket, and took a pinch of snuff. Even yet he cannot understand what there was in the first verse of the psalm to make the congregation laugh when he read, "My soul cleaveth to the dust."

REVERENCE FOR BISHOPS.—The *Church Times* contains a poem in which is the following couplet *apropos* of St. Augustine:—

Ninety-three archbishops
Have ruled since he stood there.

To this the editor attaches an original stanza, remarkable alike for its poetry and piety:—

And we wish the ninety-third one,
Would take his staff in hand,
And pass away to Jericho,
Peru, or Newfoundland!

A MARVEL OF INSTINCT. We remember a gentleman in Sunderland saying, that he knew a family that sent a full grown cat by ship from Sunderland to London. The cat escaped from the ship in the Thames, and in the course of some weeks reached its old home in Sunderland. It died a few hours after reaching its old home. It was opened, and a few grains of corn were found in its stomach. In the papers we read a few weeks ago of a family named Shuker, who lived at Dawley, in the county of Salop, but had occasion to leave and go to Nottingham. They of course removed all their household goods, including a fine cat, which had been in the family for years. Arriving at Nottingham the cat showed signs of great dissatisfaction with her new abode, and after a few days disappeared. The other day the cat walked into the old house at Dawley, to the great surprise of the neighbours. As might be expected she was very footsore and lame. When it is considered that the distance travelled on foot by the cat, from Nottingham to Dawley, is over seventy miles, the feat seems wonderful. Hundreds have flocked to see the four-footed pedestrian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—"The girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "However, there is one consolation—the boys will never find it out."

PEACE AND WAR.—During the late civil war in America, there were two volunteers lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war. What made you join the army, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife and loved peace, so I went to war."

AN ASTONISHING TRANSLATION.—The only equivalent in the Japanese language for the English word baptism, or immersion, is soaking. A ludicrous illustration of its application is the following from the Baptist translation of the Bible into Japanese, which the "Alliance" says greatly astonished the Japs: "In those days came John the Soaker, preaching the soaking of repentance." Repent and be soaked, every one of you.

EMERSONIAN CHARITY.—Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed some twenty years ago a literary society, during the Commencement exercises at Middlebury University, Middlebury, Vt., and when he ended the President called upon a clergyman to close the service with prayer. Then arose a Massachusetts minister, who stepped into the pulpit which Mr. Emerson had just left, and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which this is one sentence:—"We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from the sacred desk." After the benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbour the name of the officiating clergyman, and when falteringly answered, simply said:—"He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man."

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